

# Sylvan Valley News

Our County—Its Progress and Prosperity the First Duty of a Local Paper.

J. J. MINER, Manager.

BREVARD, TRANSYLVANIA COUNTY, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1905.

VOL. X—NO. 18

## Dunns Rock Lodge No. 267

**R. F. & A. M.**  
Meets Friday on or before the full moon in each month, at 2 p. m. Visiting Masons are cordially invited to meet with us.  
WM. MAXWELL, Sec'y.

## Conestee Lodge No. 237,

**I. O. O. F.**  
Meets every Monday night at 8 o'clock. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to visit us.  
D. B. HANCOCK, N. G.

## Transylvania Lodge No. 143,

**Knights of Pythias**  
Regular convention every Tuesday night in Masonic Hall. Visiting Knights are cordially invited to attend.  
WELCH CALLOWAY, C. C.

## Brevard Telephone Exchange.

HOURS:  
Daily—7 a. m. to 10 p. m.  
Sunday—8 to 10 a. m., 4 to 6 p. m.  
Central Office—McMinn Block.

## Professional Cards.

**W. A. GASH,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
Rooms 7 & 8, McMinn Bld'g, Brevard, N. C.

**W. B. DUCKWORTH,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
Investigation of Land Titles a Specialty.  
Rooms 1 and 2, Pickelsimer Building.

**ZACHARY & EREEZE**  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW  
Offices in McMinn Block, Brevard, N. C.

**WELCH CALLOWAY,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
Practices in all the courts  
Rooms 9 and 10, McMinn Block.

**D. L. ENGLISH**  
LAWYER  
Rooms 11 and 12 McMinn Block,  
BREVARD, N. C.

**Miscellaneous.**

## The Ethelwold

Brevard's New Hotel—Modern Apartments—Open all the year. The patronage of the traveling public as well as summer tourists is solicited. Opp. Court House, Brevard, N. C.

## Galloway, Duckworth & Co.,

**REAL ESTATE DEALERS,**  
Rooms 3 and 4, McMinn Block, Brevard, N. C.  
Buy and sell all kinds of Real Estate. Collect rents, and attend to property when owner is absent.  
Farming and Timber Lands a Specialty.

## J. A. MILLER

**BUILDERS' HARDWARE**  
and Building Materials.

Dressed Lumber  
Laths  
Shingles  
Sash  
Doors  
Blinds  
Locks  
Hinges  
Window Pulleys

Plastering Hair  
Cement  
Lime  
Ready Roofing  
Glass  
Putty  
Sash Locks  
Window Lifts  
Sash Cord and Weights

## McCormick

**Reapers and Binders**  
**Mowers, Rakes, Corn Cutters**  
**and Grain Drills.**  
Cor. Main and Caldwell BREVARD, N. C.

## IN A DAY'S SHOPPING

By Keith Gordon  
Copyright, 1904, by T. C. McClure

She was young and had lived always in the suburbs, where life rolled smoothly under clear skies, sweet enough, to be sure, but just a trifle uninteresting. There were times even when she was that little girl when she had craved the tonic of the world's uglier needs, learned to see it at its fiercest, as indifferent to human beings as if they were ants.

This may have been mere youth and inexperience or it may have been because she was sufficed with beauty. Was not her home the most imposing in Farville? Inside the house an exquisite quiet reigned, a sort of hallowed stillness that made her want to shout and whoop in defiance.

Her sisters were "the beautiful King girls." She herself, as a chance remark had informed her, was "the plain one." At the moment she had felt deeply mortified. She hadn't supposed it was so bad as all that. From this time her distaste for beauty grew more marked and in one of those heated moments that will occur even between the best of sisters had said plainly that she was "sick and tired of their everlasting beauty." With this observation she had made a rapid but highly characteristic departure from the room, and the family beauties had grinned at each other knowingly.

"She's a funny little sister," observed Elaine indulgently, a remark that was met by Bertina's thoughtful "I wonder why she is so bitter against beauty? She's not half bad herself. She's unusual, the restless little monkey!"

And, indeed, this view of her appearance was shared by a man who had on more than one occasion allowed himself to look at her the second time, though she was unconscious of his very existence. Her trips to New York invariably led her to one destination, and there he had come to watch for her.

The mother and the beautiful sisters never knew, any more than they knew her keen interest in the gloomy interiors visible from the elevated trains, that their youngest was in the habit of rushing through her shopping at the high class stores where they had credit and then betaking herself pellucid to a great Sixth avenue department store, where, as she passed through the revolving doors, she felt with a shiver of delight that she plunged into the stream of life.

The jostling and crowding, the teeming exhibits that overran counters and were forever falling to the floor, the near silk, near silver and near gold commodities that filled the place so lavishly, far from offending her taste, stirred her fancy oddly, and she sauntered up and down the long aisles alive with that suppressed excitement that is one of the keepest emotions life had to offer and indifferent to the buffetings of the crowd which seemed to her delightfully good natured if a little bit lacking in form.

But the spot that she loved best of all was the broad landing of the marble staircase that swirled grandly upward from the center of the first floor with a magnificence that was dazzling even for a department store. This landing formed a balcony, rich with oriental rugs and upholstered furniture, and, most desirable of all, it commanded a panoramic view of the floor beneath.

Here "the youngest" often sat for an hour or so at a time, with her chin resting on the railing and her eyes fixed greedily on the scene below, a fascinated spectator of one of the best theatrical productions that the big round world has to offer.

The man—he was an artist, and he haunted the balcony on the lookout for types—had noticed that she usually came out of her absorbed contemplation of the scene below her with a start, glanced in a dazed way at the bold faced clock near by and then fairly scampered down the flowing marble stairs and melted away in the crowd. Not being a mind reader, he could not know that she was wondering if there was any chance of catching the 3:50 or how on earth she should explain her absence since 9:30 by the purchase of six yards of val lace.

But the studies of her face and head in his small sketchbook multiplied, and the oftener he drew her the more dissatisfied he became. Always he

just missed catching the spirit of her, the youth, the interest, the ardor and the innocence of her glance, of every line and movement, for it seemed to his artist's eye that she was a very marvel of expression.

It was about this time that the publishers for whom he did more or less work sent him a book for illustration, and as he read the manuscript it seemed the very girl of the balcony who had wandered into its pages. By some strange fate the lines that he selected as the pictorial points told a tale. "She stood looking down at the throng below her, breathless, absorbed," was one; "Malvern, watching her, recognized that of the thousands she was the one," was another, and the pictures composed themselves in his brain with a precision that could not be gainsaid.

He had watched for her before with dreamy pleasure. Now his watching became eager, intense. His fingers itched to tell the story—told it, as he knew he could, as he had never told a story before. Once, indeed, she had glanced toward him with a mute interrogation that went from his book and pencil to his face. But he had quickly feigned an absorption that must have convinced her, for she turned away and glanced toward him no more.

It was not until after the pictures had gone from him, not until the absorbing work of weeks was ended, leaving his mind temporarily as blank as a room denuded of its furniture, that any doubt of what he had done assailed him. Then, with some consternation, he realized that the world is very full of people, a fact that for the past weeks had escaped him entirely. He had thought of it as people exclusively like the garden of Eden—simply herself and him. Now a sudden consciousness that his story lay in an open book, for others as well as her to read, made him tremble. It had seemed the only way to bring her out of the vague atmosphere and into the circle of known things. Now he wondered if his method were not too blatant—if it would not make her shrink farther back into the crowded outer circle, and with a sort of miserable, hopeless patience he awaited the appearance of the book.

"Who is the girl?"  
Kendry, an artist friend, was looking at the proofs, and he scowled and narrowed his eyes in an effort to recall the face in the picture before him; then a light dawned and his brow smoothed.

"I say, it's uncommonly like that little King girl, the sister of the beauties. I didn't know that you knew them."

The maker of the pictures shook his head with well assumed indifference.

"Never heard of them, I think. Where do they live?"

His voice didn't sound natural to himself, but Kendry was absorbed in the pictures and apparently did not notice.

"Farville," he answered absently, and the other took courage.

"That's a mere face in the crowd," he tossed off airily. "Found it in a Sixth avenue department store."

Kendry showed his disbelief. "If they have that sort in department stores," he observed, "I think I'll go to one of them to get me a wife." To which his listener had the temerity to answer:

"Do you know, the same thought has crossed my mind."

The next post carried an advance copy of the book to Miss Katherine King, Farville, N. J. As she glanced at the pictures she tingled with delight. The great, swirling river of life had caught her up at last, no longer passing her by as if she were but a part of its smiling shore. She swept into her mother's room without ceremony.

"Mamma," she said breathlessly, "I must, I really must, go to town tomorrow for a day's shopping."

Something told her he would be waiting!

**Such a Thoughtful Woman.**  
When the man and the woman started down the subway stairs the man felt in his pocket for tickets.

"By George!" he said. "Isn't that a shame? I've got to stop in all this mob and buy tickets!"

"Oh, no, you won't," said the woman. "I have them. When I came downtown I remembered what you said about those people who buy only one ticket at a time making such a nuisance of themselves, so as I had 15 cents to spare I bought three tickets. I have two left. We can go right on through."

So the man and the woman drifted

along with the pushing crowd to the point where the ticket chopper held them up and demanded tribute. Then the woman looked in her purse for the tickets. Suddenly her face assumed a painful blankness.

"I—I haven't got them," she faltered. "I was in such a hurry when I came through that I must have dropped all three tickets into the uptown box."—New York Press.

### Homely Abraham Lincoln.

In Colonel Clark E. Carr's book, "The Hunk," he tells of his first glimpse of Abraham Lincoln and of his impressions of him at that time. He says: "Rapidly as the coach had swept by the hotel I had noticed that the driver was not alone on his high seat. He had a companion, and before any of the other passengers could alight this companion had alighted, stepping, as it seemed to me, from the high coach box clear to the ground, he was so very tall and his legs were so very long. My first impression was that he was the homeliest man I had ever seen, but as he moved and spoke this impression was gradually changed. He was awkward and ungainly, bony and angular, his body abnormally extended, his long legs and arms terminating in big feet and large, bony fingers. His neck was long and seemed to be intended especially to lift his head high enough to survey every object about him. His head was covered with thick, matted brown hair."

### A Horrified Cabman.

Henry Herman, the English theatrical manager, had a glass eye, which on one occasion flared prominently in a joke he played upon a brutal cabman.

"Cabby" was driving Herman home to his residence at Hampstead and on the way carelessly thrashed his horse. Herman objected to the man's cruelty, says Mr. George R. Sims in his interesting book entitled "Among My Autographs," but said nothing until he got out of the cab. Having first carefully removed his glass eye, he held it out between his finger and thumb and exclaimed:

"That's what you have done, you scoundrel! You have cut my eye out with your whip! I shall give you into custody!"

The cabman gave one horrified glance at the eye, exclaimed, "Oh, erkey!" and, without waiting for his fare, whipped up his horse and drove off at a furious rate.

### The Cost of Great Enterprises.

It is estimated that the Simplon tunnel, which will open new routes from Italy to the North sea, will involve an expenditure of \$15,000,000, which is not one-third of the cost of the New York subway. The projected new subways in New York city will cost \$250,000,000, a sum greater than that called for by the estimates for the Panama canal should it be cut to the sea level.

The subways in New York are only a part of the great enterprises projected and under way in that city, some of them private, as the great railway improvements in terminals. The figures for these are \$45,000,000 and with improvements scheduled in Chicago at a cost of \$250,000,000, mean an outlay for two cities of about \$700,000,000, the most of the sum to be provided from private and corporate resources. These works, like those of national and international importance now attracting public attention, are destined to create values proportionate to the princely sums invested in them.

The red bayonet recently adopted for the army is already discredited, and experts are calling for the real thing for hand to hand fighting. And the commissioned officers are to carry stout swords with a cutting edge instead of the purely ornamental blades now in vogue. Since the army must be, it is well to have it up to date in arms and equipments.

### An Insult.

Tragedian—I tell you, an actor's life is dangerous. We travel so much, and there are so many wrecks. Friend—But isn't it always easy to step off the track when you see trouble coming?—Boston Post.

The biggest crab has been caught in the North sea. It measured two feet seven inches across and had claws to correspond.

### Overhead Wire Supplies Vehicles with Motive Power in a German Town.

Two modern transportation devices have been invented by a Berlin engineer, who has constructed a trolley automobile line, similar to that exhibited at the Paris exposition, at Ederswalde, a small city near the German capital. In this system the automobile receives its motive power from an overhead wire, by means of a trolley, which is connected with the automobile by a moveable cable. This allows the vehicle to turn out at any place on the road. The line has been favorably inspected by experts, and the system is expected to meet with general favor in Germany.

### First Flag Pole on the Coast.

On the highest ground of a long, low hill distant about one mile to the westward of the little town of Bodega, in Western Sonoma county, Cal., there stands a tall, somewhat decrepit redwood flagstaff. This ancient-looking pole is about 60 feet in height, says the San Francisco Bulletin, is bent with age and exposure, and is slowly decaying. That plain, warped old redwood flagpole is the patriarch of all flagpoles not only in California, but on the entire Pacific slope. For it was the first erected to fly the banner of the union when California and all other territory in the same latitude from the Pacific to the Rockies were taken possession of by the United States.

### Princeton Flag in the Far North.

The Princeton college flag was at the masthead of the Peary relief-ship, along with the stars and stripes, and was carried further north than any American flag since 1871.

### An Endless Chain.

Warwick—I have a plan to organize a polar expedition next summer. I believe I could gather enough material to make a fortune lecturing. I shall go in search of the expedition under Brunns, a Danish captain, who intends to start at once in search of a Swedish party.

Wickwire—What did the Swedish ship go up there for?

"Why, it was in search of an English expedition."

"Pshaw! What was the English outfit after?"

"Oh! it was hunting Andree."—Puck.

### Well Protected Against Cold.

The dirtiness of the Afghan is proverbial and it is said that during the last Afghan war Gen. Roberts once ordered one to be washed. Two soldiers stripped the prisoner and scrubbed him for two hours with formidable brushes and soft soap. Then they threw down their brushes in disgust and went to their captain. "What is it, men?" he said. "Well, sir," they replied, "we have washed that Afghan chap for two hours, but it is no good. After scrubbing him, sir, for two hours, till our arms ached in to drop off, blast if we did not come upon another suit of clothes."

For you see the United States Uncle Sam's Salt-Water Farm.

### Deafness Cannot be Cured.

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.—F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 65c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Why suffer with spring tiredness, mean, cross feeling, no strength, no appetite? Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will make you well and keep you well. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. —Z. W. Nichols.